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SMITH
QUESADA
PALMIOTTI
HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
PALMIOTTI
381
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Dear Matthew...

I'm not a woman of faith... it's something you've always teased me about.

"When you go to Hell, Karen Page," you'd joke, when I'd snore through your weekly request to join you at Sunday Mass, "I won't be able to rescue you. Don't think I have any pull down there..."

"... just because of the outfit."

But while my faith has never been as strong as yours, my love... I actually prayed last night...

...over what to do about us.

And amidst the cacophony of the Kitchen, I think I got an answer.

When WFSK told me their sister station in Los Angeles offered me the A.M. drive-time slot, we laughed at the idea of the show becoming "Angel of the Morning".

But what your heightened senses probably didn't pick up was that you were laughing a bit harder than me.

I've decided to take the job, Matt.

Things between us lately haven't been the same since the Boroughs case.

Yes, we've had moments of true intimacy; and your tenacious defense that cleared me of murder charges illustrated how -- in both of your guises -- you've always been my hero.

And what a brave face you kept as they drug my name through the mud. You never once expressed shame or judgment...

...verbally.

I know you've always been able to forgive, Matt -- it's one of the aspects of your faith that I've long admired. But forgetting...

... well, that's never been your strongest suit.

And while you never talk about it, it's the occasional silence between us that says it all [or the occasional complete disappearance from our lives, as in the last few months3. You are ashamed of that time in our past.

And rightfully so.

Not a day goes by when I don't marvel over how someone I so completely wronged could let me back into their life so blithely.

But, that's just it, Matt...

... there will always be that feeling that you let me back into your life. It will always have been your choice. And as such, that disparity will always gnaw at me.

I'm sure this sounds selfish -- like I want an unconditional love from someone who's seen me at my ultimate worst.

Like I want ten more percent from someone who's already given one hundred and twenty. I must sound irrational.

But who ever said the heart was rational?

I love you, Matthew Murdock -- in more ways that I can express. You will forever be at the center of all things for me -- the fulcrum to my lever.

But this move will give us both time to figure out if we truly are in love...

...or just in love with the idea that we're strong enough to triumph over every adversity life throws our way...

...or the ones my past has created for us.

Be well, my hero. I shall think of you often. And if I ever become a woman of faith...

... I will pray for you... and us.

Love, Karen.

In New York City, a child is born approximately every eight minutes.

There are 218 different hospitals in the five boroughs -- most of which are barely able to accommodate the city's daily need to repopulate itself.

The average maternity ward is staffed by eight to twelve nurses who spend all but their lunch breaks in a constant state of caretaking for patients they have no genetic ties to.

At least twice a day, they ruminate aloud or to themselves about the need for a lighter workload.

At 11:49 last night...

... they get their wish.

Oh my God!

MATERNITY WARD

AAAIIGGH!

MATERNITY WARD

GWYNETH USED TO SIT OUT OF GYM AS OFTEN AS SHE COULD, CITING HER MONTHLY CYCLE ON A WEEKLY BASIS.

DAILY BUGLE

HOSPITAL TRAGEDY!

HER PHYS ED MARKS ALWAYS BROUGHT DOWN HER GRADE POINT AVERAGE, BUT GWYNETH RATIONALIZED THE TRADE-OFF AS A FAIR ONE.

GETTING THAT SWEATY DURING THIRD PERIOD ATHLETICS MADE THE REMAINING FIVE PERIODS IN THE SCHOOL DAY A TOUGH SIT -- EVEN AFTER A SHOWER.

SHE OFTEN REASONED THAT THE OBLIGATORY LAPS THE PHYS ED INSTRUCTOR DRILLED THE CLASS WITH WOULD NEVER COME IN HANDY BEYOND HIGH SCHOOL.

THIS MORNING -- AS HER LUNGS BURN HOTTER IN HER CHEST THAN ANY NON-SMOKING SIXTEEN YEAR OLD'S LUNGS SHOULD AFTER SPRINTING THROUGH BACK ALLEYS FOR TWENTY MINUTES --

-- GWYNETH'S WISHING SHE'D BEEN A TAD MORE GRADE CONSCIOUS.

IN THE QUIET MOMENTS BETWEEN THE INEVITABLE DETECTION BY THE MEN IN THE CAR, GWYNETH RECALLED THE DAY SHE TOLD HER VERY CATHOLIC PARENTS THAT SHE WAS FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT.

THE SILENT RAGE AND SHAME SHE HEARD IN THEIR VOICES WHEN THEY ADDRESSED HER FROM THAT MOMENT ON ALMOST MADE HER LONG FOR PARENTS WHO BELIEVED IN CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

SHE CAN STILL FEEL THE DAMP AGAINST HER CHEEK FROM THE TEAR-SOAKED PILLOW SHE'D CRY HERSELF TO SLEEP ON NIGHTLY, AS SHE PRAYED OVER AND OVER, MANTRA-LIKE...

"...LET THIS BE THE WORST IT GETS."

SAL
BROOKLYN

WHEN SHE AWOKE IN TIME TO SEE THE MEN BEHEADING HER MOTHER OVER HER FATHER'S CORPSE...

... GWYNETH ALLOWED HERSELF ONLY A HALF-SECOND TO MARK THE IRONY.

MAY THE LORD FILL YOU WITH HIS HOLY TRUST...

... OFFERING ABSOLUTION FOR THE TRESPASSES YOU'RE ABOUT TO CONFESS.

TURN NOT A BLIND EYE TO HIS INFINITE MERCY...

... BUT INSTEAD *SEE* WITH A PURE HEART THE GRACE HIS SACRAMENT OF PENANCE BESTOWS ON YOU.

FORGIVE ME, FATHER -- FOR I HAVE SINNED.

IT'S BEEN... FAR TOO LONG SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.

SIX MONTHS AGO, MY GIRLFRIEND LEFT ME...

AH -- THE BROKEN HEARTED.

WHY IS IT YOU PEOPLE REMEMBER THE LORD AFTER YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHERS HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU?

ACTUALLY, FATHER -- THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. YOU SEE -- I'M HAVING A HARD TIME *REMEMBERING* THE LORD.

NOT NOW.

SON, WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH IS FAIRLY COMMON.

THREE BLOCKS AWAY...

... A GIRL – NO MORE THAN SIXTEEN, JUDGING FROM THAT HEARTBEAT...

... AND A BABY -- MAYBE TWO MONTHS OLD OR SO.

WHEN ONE FEELS THEIR LIFE IS DAMAGED IN SOME WAY THEIR FIRST INSTINCT IS TO REACH OUT TO GOD.

BUT WHAT REALLY HAS MY ATTENTION...

AND BECAUSE YOU'RE PERHAPS NOT AS ARDENT IN YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE LORD WHEN YOU'RE IN A MORE... CORPOREAL... RELATIONSHIP...

... IS THAT LINCOLN RUSHING HER, DOING ABOUT NINETY.

... YOU FEEL THE PANGS OF WHAT WE CALL "*CATHOLIC GUILT*"...

... A GUILT THAT OFTEN MANIFESTS ITSELF IN A CRISIS OF FAITH.

BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR -- TO REASSURE YOU THAT GOD'S HERE FOR YOU. AND WHILE YOU FEEL YOU MAY HAVE ***FORGOTTEN*** HIM, I CAN GUARANTEE YOU HE ***REMEMBERS*** YOU.

I HAVE TO SAY, THOUGH -- IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU CHOSE TO DEAL WITH YOUR FEELINGS HERE, RATHER THAN ELECTING THE MORE POPULAR 90'S RITUAL OF "*THERAPY*".

WHAT THE FAITHFUL OF THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY TEND TO FORGET IS THAT THE LORD HEALS ALL WHO SEE HIM -- MORESO THAN THE LATEST SELF-HELP TOME OR THE SPIRITUALIST-OF-THE-MONTH POSSIBLY CAN.

ALL IT REQUIRES...

"... IS A LEAP OF *FAITH.*"

Stan Lee presents DAREDEVIL in

Guardian Devil

PART ONE:

"...AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM ALL."

KEVIN "You asked for him, you got him" SMITH WRITER

JOE "Smoovie Q" QUESADA PENCILER

JIMMY "Who's your daddy?!" PALMIOTTI INKER

BRIAN HABERLIN STUDIOS RS & COMICRAFTS

DAN "The Baron" KEMP COLORS

LIZ "Danger's my middle name" AGRAPHIOTIS LETTERING

NANCI "Memory is spotless" DAKESIAN EDITOR

BOB "You couldn't pay us enough to do his job" HARRAS EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE ARROGANCE OF JOHN Q. AVERAGE CRIMINAL THUG NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME.

VIP

DON'T THESE PEOPLE READ THE PAPERS OR WATCH THE NEWS...

... OR EVEN TRADE STORIES IN A SEEDY BAR SOMEWHERE? HOW IS IT THEY'RE NEVER APPRISED OF THE FACT...

... THAT THE KITCHEN IS UNDER MY PROTECTION?

KRRRKSHH

THE COSTUME IS LINED WITH A METICULOUSLY WOVEN MICRO-MESH STEEL FIBER.

GOD BLESS REED RICHARDS.

THE HYDRANT FALLS UNDER THE BILLION-A-YEAR INSURANCE POLICY THE CITY TOOK OUT FOR METAHUMAN DAMAGES.

I BROKERED THE DEAL LAST MONTH -- FEE LESS.

MORE OF THAT CATHOLIC GUILT THE PADRE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

THE ADRENALINE RUSH SUBSIDES ONCE THE THREAT IS NEUTRALIZED.

AND I'M BACK TO SQUARE ONE -- BATTLING BACK THAT ACHING SENSE OF MOROSE SOLITUDE I WOKE UP WITH.

I THOUGHT A VISIT TO CHURCH MIGHT ALLEVIATE IT. LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID, AND I'D OBSESS OVER...

NO! STAY FOCUSED ON THE TASK AT HAND.

FIRST, CLEAN UP THE MESS.

ONE OUT COLD ONE SUBDUED ENOUGH TO LEAVE IN THE HANDS OF NEW YORK'S FINEST.

GIVES ME A MOMENT TO CONCENTRATE ON THE OBJECT OF THEIR PURSUIT...

... AND FIND OUT WHY SHE WAS IN SUCH HIGH DEMAND.

THAT'S WHEN I REALIZE...

SHE'S GONE.

GETTING THE TRUTH OUT OF THE TWO JOKERS IN THE CAR IS GOING TO PROVE FRUITLESS WITHOUT HER TESTIMONY AS TO WHY THEY WERE TRYING TO RUN HER DOWN...

WHICH MEANS I'LL SPEND THE NEXT FEW MINUTES EXPLAINING TO THE POLICE WHY I FELT THE NEED TO PUT MY FIST THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF A CAR AND DESTROY CITY PROPERTY.

THANKS, LITTLE GIRL.

YOU'VE JUST MADE MY LIFE INCREMENTALLY MORE DIFFICULT.

THE OFFICES OF SHARPE, NELSON, AND MURDOCK...

MATT MURDOCK ATTORNEY AT LAW

MY APARTMENT -- WHILE WELL APPOINTED -- ISN'T WHAT I'D CALL LUSH OR HUGE BY ANY MEANS. IT IS, AFTER ALL, A HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT.

BUT GIVEN THAT, THERE ARE STILL ROOMS I HAVEN'T BEEN IN FOR MONTHS. THE BATHROOM OFF THE MASTER BEDROOM IS ONE.

WE DESIGNATED THAT AS "HER BATHROOM."

THIS MORNING, A GUY WHO SPENDS HALF HIS LIFE AS A "MAN WITHOUT FEAR" TOOK AN HOUR TO SUMMON THE COURAGE TO USE A BRUSH IN THAT BATHROOM.

THE BRISTLES WERE STILL TANGLED WITH HER HAIR.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

I NEED SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF HER.

OR SOMEONE.

NATASHA...

HOW HONEST A BOYFRIEND WAS I, AFTER ALL? I KEPT AN OLD FLAME'S NUMBER ON MY SPEED DIAL.

I TELL MYSELF IT'S HER S.H.I.E.L.D. SATELLITE LINK UP CODE...

... THE ONE SHE GAVE ME IN CASE OF TERRORIST THREATS BEYOND MY CAPABILITIES.

I'M A GOOD LIAR. COMES WITH THE JOB.

BOOP

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? I WANT TO TALK TO HER ABOUT A CASE... OR A HYDRA RUMOR... OR A...

ALL RIGHT -- SO I'M NOT SUCH A GOOD LIAR.

HEY MATT -- YOU GOT A MINUTE?

FOGGY.

SAVED BY THE BELL.

ABSOLUTELY, Mr. NELSON. AM I FIRED OR SOMETHING?

SUCH A KIDDER.

MATT, I WANT YOU TO MEET LYDIA McKENZIE.

I'VE BEEN HELPING HER WITH... A CASE.

CALL IT WHAT IT IS, FOGGY -- A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR DIVORCE.

A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MISTER MURDOCK. FOGGY DOES NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT YOU.

HER PULSE BARELY PICKS UP.

APPARENTLY, I'M NOT HER TYPE. BUT I'M GETTING THAT FOGGY IS.

NO WONDER HE'S BEHIND ON HIS CASELOAD. IF YOU WANT TO GUARANTEE YOURSELF A DECENT SETTLEMENT, I'D ADVISE YOU TO SWITCH COUNSEL.

I'VE READ A NUMBER OF YOUR CASES IN THE PAPERS. YOU GET MORE PRESS THAN JOHNNY COCHRANE, IF THAT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE.

CAN'T LOSE THEM. THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO BOOK THOSE THUGS IF I CAN SECURE HER TESTIMONY.

I'D LOVE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT HYDE CASE FROM A FEW YEARS BACK. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DEFEND A MONSTER LIKE HIM.

MAYBE YOU, ME AND FOGGY CAN GRAB DINNER SOME TIME AND...

NICE, MURDOCK HEAD INTO THE NOISIEST PART OF THE OFFICE TO HEAR BETTER.

MISTER MURDOCK -- IT'S A MISTER PARKER FROM THE BUGLE ON THREE.

HE HAS THOSE PHOTOS YOU REQUESTED -- OF YOU AND MISS PAGE FROM THE *"GOOD WILL HUNTING"* PREMIERE. WOULD YOU LIKE THEM SENT OVER?

DAMN...

LOST THEM AGAIN.

HE ALSO WARNED ME THAT YOU'RE QUITE THE SMOOTHIE.

THERE... THOSE DUAL HEART SIGNATURES AGAIN.

THE GIRL AND THE BABY FROM THIS MORNING!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

GENTLEMEN, I MUST CONFESS TO BEING SLIGHTLY ASTONISHED...

AND YOU *KNOW* HOW HARD IT IS TO SURPRISE ME.

IT'S A SMALL BLESSING THAT THE AUTHORITIES WERE UNABLE TO DETAIN YOU. AT LEAST OUR WORK REMAINS UNDETECTED.

WHILE I'M LIKELY TO GET OVER IT, I'D SUGGEST YOU BOTH TAKE YOUR LEAVE OF MY OFFICE -- BEFORE I ALLOW MISTER GABRIEL HERE TO MAKE EXAMPLES OF YOU FOR OTHERS WHO'D OFFER THE ORGANIZATION LESS THAN THEIR BEST CONCERTED EFFORTS.

YES, SIR.

SORRY, SIR.

HOWEVER...

YOUR FAILURE TO ELIMINATE OUR QUARRY LEAVES THE *ORGANIZATION* AT A TEMPORARY LOSS...

... AND *MYSELF* EXTREMELY EMBITTERED WITH YOU BOTH.

DING

"MISTER GABRIEL, THE INEPTITUDE OF THESE DOLTS MAY HAVE INTRODUCED THE VIGILANTE INTO THE FRAY IN SUCH A FASHION THAT MY INVOLVEMENT WILL HAVE TO BECOME MORE THAN PERIPHERAL.

"THAT THE WHELP WAS SEEDED WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE IS ONE THING.

"THAT THE VIGILANTE HAS CROSSED HER PATH ALREADY MEANS WE HAVE TO EXPEDITE OUR EFFORTS AT INTERCESSION.

"I'D ASK ONLY THAT YOU CHOOSE THE HELP A TOUCH MORE WISELY IN THE FUTURE, MISTER GABRIEL.

"THANKS TO THEIR BLUNDER...

"... I'LL HAVE TO APPEAL TO THE VIGILANTE'S HUMANITY."

KTOK

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHY I'M SPENDING THE NIGHT LOOKING FOR THAT GIRL.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHY I SPEND MY NIGHTS DRESSED LIKE THIS, LEAPING TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND.

ALL RIGHT -- SO "A SINGLE BOUND" IS OVERSTATING IT A BIT.

IN TRUTH, MURDOCK... IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS... YOU'RE SAYING TO YOURSELF...

"YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE WRONG GIRL."

KAREN...

I SWEAR, ANGEL -- I TRIED NEVER TO JUDGE YOU... OR YOUR PAST. I HAD NOTHING BUT THE BEST INTENTIONS FOR YOU.

BUT WE KNOW WHAT ROAD THEY PAVE.

AND SO HERE I AM, SOARING THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY, BUSYING MYSELF WITH ANOTHER FOOL CRUSADE...

FFT

THE ISOTOPE WHICH ROBBED ME OF ONE SENSE, HEIGHTENED THE OTHER FOUR TO THE EXTENT THAT EVEN MONTHS AFTER YOU'VE GONE I STILL SMELL YOU IN THE SHEETS I'VE WASHED A HUNDRED TIMES OVER...

STILL TASTE YOU FROM THAT ONE TIME YOU USED MY TOOTHBRUSH...

CLK

STILL...

I PICK UP THE STINK OF VIOLENT NEED...

ALL IN AN EFFORT NOT TO GO HOME TO AN EMPTY HOUSE, FILLED WITH MEMORIES...

... STILL FILLED WITH YOU.

THE ERRATIC PULSE OF SOMEONE WHO'S DISREGARDING ALL THAT WAS INSTILLED IN THEM AS A CHILD...

TK

...FOR A CARNAL RELEASE.

LORD

KRK

...EVERY NIGHT, YOU PUT ON AN IMMORALITY PLAY FOR ME...

YOU SHOW ME THE DISPARITY OF MAN'S MAGNIFICENCE TO HIS ACTIONS EONS OF EVOLVEMENT, AND WE'RE STILL SEEKING THE DARKENED CORNERS TO SATE OUR LOWEST IMPULSES.

HOW DISAPPOINTING IT MUST BE FOR YOU TO SEE US AT OUR WORST...

SNAP

... IF YOU EVEN EXIST.

HELL TO PAY

THE MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT: AROUND THREE A.M....

THANK YOU...

...LORD.

THE LAW OFFICES OF SHARPE, NELSON, AND MURDOCK...

"FOGGY, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT DIVORCE CASES..."

"I KNOW, I KNOW -- THE ONLY REASON I TOOK IT ON WAS BECAUSE ROSALIND WAS BADGERING ME ABOUT FINANCIAL QUOTAS, MATT."

BUT THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT. HER EX-HUSBAND -- HE DID SOMETHING TO HER.

LET ME GUESS -- HE LEFT HER FOR A GIRL YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE THEIR DAUGHTER?

HE HAD HER STERILIZED, MATT.

WHAT?!

SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW UNTIL HER LAST GYNECOLOGICAL EXAM. HE HAD IT DONE WITHOUT HER KNOWLEDGE.

HEARING SOMETHING LIKE THAT MAKES ME WONDER... WHERE I STAND ON GOD?

I SOMETIMES FEEL LIKE HE'S STANDING ON ME.

THIS COMING FROM THE GUY WHO'S PRACTICALLY MISTER LIZ OSBORN.

YES... LIZ. I LIKE LIZ. I *LOVE* LIZ.

BUT SHE'S NO LYDIA.

NO, FOGGY -- DO *NOT* TELL ME YOU'VE GOT A TEXTBOOK CASE OF "*FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE*" SYNDROME...

GOTCHA!

THE TWIN HEARTBEATS ARE SUDDENLY ALMOST DEAFENING.

MATT? WHAT'S... ?

THEY'RE NEAR! I CAN HEAR THEM!

HEAR WHO? IS THIS TIGHTS-TYPE STUFF?

THE BEATS AREN'T FADING. THEY'RE CLOSE...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO... CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES HERE, ARE YOU?

...SO CLOSE... I CATCH A WHIFF OF THAT UNMISTAKABLE...

... NEW BABY SMELL.

...PUN INTENDED.

THE YOUNG LADY BOLTED BY ME BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, KIM...

HELLO, MISTER MURDOCK.

GOO!

SOMETIMES I FORGET TO PLAY BLIND IN THE OFFICE. GOTTA WATCH THAT...

... SHE AND I ARE... OLD FRIENDS. WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO SECURE A CAN OF FORMULA AND A YOO-HOO FOR OUR GUESTS?

Um... SURE. BUT YOU'VE GOT A...

CANCEL IT. THANKS.

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU ON THE McKENZIE CASE, FOG.

I HOPE THERE'S NOTHING YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME HERE.

SHE'S A LITTLE YOUNG FOR YOU, ISN'T SHE, MATTY?

OUT, YOU.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

... SO YOU MIGHT IMAGINE MY FATHER'S REACTION, MISTER MURDOCK -- LET ALONE EVERYONE ELSE'S.

I MEAN, COMING FROM A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD, I GUESS IT WAS KIND OF HARD FOR EVERYONE TO SWALLOW.

ABOUT THE FATHER?

ABOUT MY VIRGINITY.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'M FLABBERGASTED...

A CONDITION THAT'S ONLY EXACERBATED AS SHE PROCEEDS TO EXPLAIN HOW SHE'S NEVER "BEEN WITH" ANYONE AND HOW -- UNTIL THAT MORNING -- SHE HAD NO EXPLANATION AS TO HOW SHE CAME TO BE WITH, THEN HAVE A CHILD.

SHE FOLLOWS THIS WITH A TALE ABOUT THE MURDER OF HER PARENTS AT THE HAND OF THE MEN WHO WERE CHASING HER -- ALL OVER THIS SEEMINGLY "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

I'D WRITE IT OFF AS THE OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION OF A KID WHO'S WATCHED FAR TOO MANY EPISODES OF "THE X-FILES.."

... EXCEPT HER PULSE HASN'T ALTERED A BEAT IN ALL THE TIME SHE'S BEEN TALKING, AND SHE'S EMITTED NOT A SINGLE PHEROMONE.

SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH... OR AT LEAST SHE'S CONVINCED HERSELF SHE IS.

I ASK HER WHAT SHE'D LIKE ME TO DO.

SHE SAYS...

I THOUGHT YOU KNEW...?

KNEW WHAT?

THE DREAM... THE ANGEL... SHE SAID YOU'D PROTECT MY BABY.

WELL... I CAN OFFER YOU BOTH *LEGAL PROTECTION*, IF THAT'S WHAT THE *"ANGEL"* MEANT...

I TELL HER THAT -- WITH HER TESTIMONY -- WE CAN PROSECUTE THE THUGS THAT WERE CHASING HER. I ASSURE HER THAT WE CAN ENTER HER INTO THE WITNESS PROTECTION RELOCATION PROGRAM.

MISTER MURDOCK... THE ANGEL TOLD ME YOU'RE *DAREDEVIL*.

DO YOU STUDY YOUR BIBLE, MISTER MURDOCK?

NOT SINCE TENTH GRADE CCD.* THOUGH RIGHT ABOUT NOW...

...I WISH I'D STAYED CURRENT.

THE REDEEMEER SWORE HE'D RETURN IN THE FINAL DAYS, TO SAVE THE JUST AND JUDGE THE WICKED.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY CHOSE ME, BUT THIS CHILD *IS* THAT REDEEMER. IN THIRTY YEARS TIME, ITS WORK WILL BEGIN.

YOU HAVE TO SHIELD THE CHILD FROM THE EVIL MEN WHO ARE CHASING ME. CHASING US.

*Confraternity of Christian Doctrine or Sunday School -- J&J

KEEP MY BABY SAFE... AT LEAST, UNTIL HELP ARRIVES.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN -- THE ANGEL TOLD ME. I TRUST YOU.

YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE, MISTER MURDOCK...

YOU'RE THIS WORLD'S ONLY HOPE.

HER KISS IS ALMOST... ETHEREAL.

KEEP THE FAITH.

HEY! WAIT A SECOND!

At 5:25 pm...

... the mother of the world vanished from the law offices of Sharpe, Nelson, and Murdock.

At 5:26 p.m, the savior was left in the devil's care.

ZONE EMPIRE